***************** THE TIMES DAILY SERIAL STORY.

THE DIAMONDS"

By J. S. FLETCHER

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Synopsis of Chapters Already Published

A brass-bound box of Oriental workmanship has lain in the window of a
pawnbroker's for over a year. One day
e sailor, Join Lindsay, enters the store
and tries to buy it. The pawnbroker refuses to let him have it at the price Lindsay can, pay, and the sailor summons a
policeman, claiming the box to be his,
and pointing out the initials on it. "J.
Li," as proof.

The policeman demands time before enforcing Lindsay's blaim. They turn to
leave the store, and encounter a Hindu,
who has recognized Lindsay from the
street. The Hindu takes the sailor to his
rooms, and tells him that the box got to
the pawnbroker's by reason of the murder
of its possessor, who, with Lindsay and
the Hindu, was part owner.

The Hindu unfolds a pian to murder the
pawnbroker. This is carried out, and they
return to Lai Dass' quarters with the
box. The Hindu presses a secret spring,
a drawer opens, and a magnificent necklace of sixty-three diamonds is exposed.

Overcome by greed, Lindsay kills the
Hindu, seizes the box, and makes for
the moors, finding shelter in a lonely hut,
where he falls asleep. An escaping convict also finds shelter there, and kills
Lindsay to get his clothes, finding in
them the diamonds which Lindsay had
placed in a little bag. He continues his
flight, but is surrounded by officers of the
law. Dropping the diamonds into a deep
flesure in a boulder, he staggers, throws
up his hands, and falls dead.

The two warders who shot him ride up
to the body and sit down to await the

fissure in a boulder, he staggers, throws up his hands, and falls dead.

The two warders who shot him ride up to the body and sit down to await the arrival of the officers. Each in succession catches sight of the diamonds and the second demands a half share. As one lies down upon his face to reach into the fissure the other crushes his head with a large store, drops the body in the fissure, recovers the gems and, after removing all evidence of the crime, makes for home. He packs up a few of his belongings and leaves town. In a neighboring city he meets one Finney, an oid friend, who informs him that his crime has been discovered and that he is being shadowed. He offers to hide him in the glass works where he. Finney, is a night watchman. The warder, seeking to drown the memory of previous events, drinks himself to death during the night. Finney finds the diamonds on the warder's person, but afraid of being charged with murder, hides the stones in his own cottage, and, putting the body into a sack, prepares to threw it into the big glass furnace.

On the edge of the furnace he is over-

prepares to threw it into the big glass furnace.

On the edge of the furnace he is overcome with fright, loses his balance, and, with the dead body on his back, falls with his burden into the pit.

It is found that Finney has let his property to Miss Driscoll, a milliner in the town. She comes upon the diamonds in his papers, and decides to use them in buying back the family estate in Ireland. A conference with her lawyer is overheard by his disreputable son, who immediately plans, with the aid of an artful criminal, to rob the milliner. Disguised as clergymen they follow her on a ulsed as clergymen they follow her on a ourney to Ireland and obtain the dia-

monds.
Young Baxendale wakes the morning after the robbery to find that his pal has decamped. Miss Driscoll recognizes him at breakfast by his signet ring, forces the entire story from him and administers a horse-whipping besides. Meanwhile Claye makes a lightning change of costume and repairs to a saloon kept by five the stracked by flavour. a friend, whither he is tracked by Baxen-dale under the orders of Miss Driscoll's

dale under the orders of Miss Driscoll's detective.

He takes into condence the proprietor, one Kilner, who, being under obligations to Claye, warns him that he is being tracked, and for a share of the diamonds assists in the murder of Baxendale. While the two are putting the bedy in a disused wine-cellar, a loud knocking is heard. Kilner tells Claye that the detectives are looking for Baxendale, and bids him hide also in the cellar; where-upon Kilner closes the vault with a stone slab and Claye is left with the body of his victim, and Kilner with the pleasant reflection that the diamonds are exclusively his.

CHAPTER XXV.

The Man Above and the Man Below. OR the rest of the evening Mr. Joseph Kilner remained in his saloon conducting his business as usual. Customers came in and then, and he attended to their es and held converse with some of desires and held converse with some of

None of them remarked naything strange in Mr. Kilner's manner—he passed the time of day in his usual affable fashion and talked of whether scarcely glanced at him. But when his

There were customers in the outer

gone. But when he finally closed the

He naturally braced himself for this task by an application to the brandy decanter. He took a long and strong drink, and felt much better for it, and he began to think of things in a pleasanter way. After all, the great thing he had most to fear was detection, and he saw little chance of that at present. Richard Claye, alias James Creighton

and some other names, was as much buried alive as if he had been formally interred in the deepest grave in Glas-navin Cemetery—no one but Mr. Kilner, whom much brandy had brought could release him. And that Mr. Kilner is the verge of tears. "I wish I could smell it just now—I do, indeed." was by no means disposed to do-the devils of cupidity, avarice and of in-

devils of cupidity, avarice and of inordinate greed had taken hold of him;
he meant the diamonds to be his.
He would leave Mr. Claye in his
prison grave for a while, and visit what
was left of him later.
"And that," said Mr. Kilner reflectively, "can't be much, for those rats
are something terrible. I wonder how
long he'll last? Not long in that hole."
Then he partook of more brandy, and
lighted a cigar and read the paper in
his little sitting room, and wished the
house was not so quiet.

house was not so quiet.

"I'll get Hennessy to stop tomorrow night," he said to himself, "He'd be a bit of company at any rate—there's something very depressing in a house when there's nobody in it but yourself." Then he remembered that there was something in his house besides himself, and that the something had been a living man who in the very vigor of his manhood and flush of good health was suddenly condemned to death by starvation, and at this thought Mr. Kilner repaired to the hypandy decapter for more

paired to the brandy decanter for more hoped that this sort of thoughts

would not trouble him during the night, and as a precaution, he determined to take more brandy to his bed room. When Mr. Kihner finally determined to retire he had already consumed about three times the amount of his usual allowance of suitlis for the avaning and lowance of spirits for the evening, and was steadily drinking still more, and he conceived and made welcome a delusion that the more brandy he drank the better it would be for him. He went to look around the house, and once more told himself that he would really get some person to live in it on

"And yet," he said, as he rolled his stout body about the passages and corridors, "who knows what mischief mightn't result? If it was a woman, now, she'd be peeping and prying from morning to night, and her nose would be poked into every corner of the place. And she might hear or see something."

The notion of what might be heard daughter of William Earl Dodge, The notion of what might be heard made him advance cautiously to the cellars and listen at the head of the stairway which led to them. Mr. Kliner could not hear anything there, so he crept softly downward, and at last, son of the late William H. Vanderbit.

Synopsis of Chapters Already Published with a mighty effort of will-power, A brass-bound box of Oriental work
A brass-bound box of Oriental worksummoned up his courage and advanced to the ante-chamber of Mr. Claye's liv-

ing tomb.

He stood there for some time, quaking and shaking in the noisomeness of the cellar and listened with all his ears.

He heard nothing, and was not sur-

If e heard nothing, and was not sur-prised.

It would have been strange indeed if any sound could have penetrated the thickness of the solid floor of stone which shut out his victim from light, air, and liberty.

The captive might shriek and sob for

pity and for mercy as much as he pleased—no one would ever hear him.

It occurred to Mr. Kilner that while he was there he might make a few alterations in the cellar which seemed to be advisable in case of a domiciliary visit from the police so he set to work visit from the police, so he set to work there and then to destroy any trace which might show that the trap into the valut had been opened, and to cover t over with chests, barrels, and the

ike. It seemed to him that he was in certain fashion tramping the earth upon Claye's grave while Claye still breathed in his coffin, but he got through his task and then hastily returned to the sitting room, where he had another long and strong drink. And after that Mr. Kilner went to bed, car-rying the decanter of brandy with him. It is needless to say that Mr. Kilner passed a very bad night. He had de-parted from his usual habits in several ways, and he naturally paid the pen-

To begin with, he had not only drunk great deal more than was good for im, but a great deal in excess of his usual allowance.
Secondly, he had omitted to take his usual hearty supper, an omission which, in view of the large amount of liquor

which he had consumed, was a fatal mistake.
Thirdly, he had done things which, in Thirdly, he had done things which, in a life largely composed of more or less wickedness and villaliny on a small and rather a mean scale, he had never done and never dreamed of before. Thus he had assisted at a particularly cruel and cold-blooded murder, and had afterward consigned the murderer to a living tomb wherein he was at that moment

According to John M. Boutter, o. Philadelphia, who remembers seeing

the pears at the exposition, they were

removed to Philadelphia by Ali Ben-

immediately after the burning of the

White House. It is said that when the

slave was driving his load, he was held up by some Britis soldiers and forced to give up several jars of the pears and some rare old wine. It was several days before he got the rest of his load

to Philadelphia, and gave them to John C. Maller, a friend of the Washington family, who was to keep them until

When, at the close of the war, most

When, at the close of the war, most of the pears were brought back to Washington, several jars were left as a present to Mr. Haller. At the time of the Philadelphia Centennial they were brought to light by Mrs. Eilen C Haller, a descendant of John Haller, who showed them at the exposition.

Sold to Woman.

After the exposition was over th

pears were sold to Mrs. John J. Keenan.

of Baltimore. The price is said to have

been \$2,000. After the death of Mrs.

Keenan's husband, the pears were sold by the executors of the estate to Charles

Society Wants Them.

Judge Charles S. Bundy, a prominent

member of the Oldest Inhabitants As-

sociation of the District of Columbia

will introduce a resolution at the nex

Distinguished Visitors

to Capital.

The Secretary of Commerce and La-

bor, Charles D. Nagel, acted as host for

President Taft yesterday afternoon at

congress of the International Associa-

Colonel Cosby presented the distin-

just south of the Mansion. Lieut, Com.

John W. Timmons, U. S. N., and Lieut.

Charles K. Rockwell, U. S. A., two of

the President's aides, were also in at-

tendance. Tea was served from two

tents erected at either side of the gar-

of white duck.

Men were much more in evidence than

is usual at a similar White House func-

tion, because of the absence from the city of the wives of many in high of-

W. Bowle Clarke has returned to

The marriage of Miss Abbie Ingalis

F. Denham, of New York, will be best

Senator Weldon B. Heyburn of Ida-

ho and Mrs. Heyburn will leave Wash-ington Friday to motor to their farm at Kennett, Chester county, Pa., where they will spend some time before going

to their home in Idaho to remain until Congress convenes.

Mrs. G. M. Fogg and Miss Fogg, who have spent the summer in Atlantic City, have returned to Washington and

opened their apartment in Stoneleigh Court.

Judge Alexander B. Hagner and his nicce, Miss Elizabeth McLean, are at the Hotel Cheises, Atlantic City.

Capt. Charles A. Romeyn,

ficial life.

yacht, Alpha.

tion for Testing Materials.

he war was over.

on, an old slave of the Washingtons

tomb wherein he was at that moment most likely half-crazed with terror.

Callous as was Mr. Kilner, these thoughts were by no means pleasant companions for the night. He tossed about in his bed; he tried burning a light at his bedside; he tried staring at the darkness; he tried walking about the room; he tried reading, and none of these things availed or comforted him.

And needless to say, he tried the brandy decanter at periodic intervals; and for the first time in his life found that it did not console him in the usual way. He fell into a feeble, troubled doze as

He fell into a feeble, troubled doze as grew toward morning, and was afflicted with dreams which were by no means pleasant. He had visions of a loathsome dungeon, cellar, or hole in means pleasant. He had visions of a loathsome dungeon, cellar, or hole in the depths of the ground wherein vast swarms of particularly feroclous rats waited for the death of a living man and meanwhile feasted upon the body of

a dead one. He could see the eyes of these rats through the blue gray-black atmosphere of the dungeon-they made little pin or the dungeon—they made little pin points of phosphosescent fire in the gloom of horror, and he fancled that there was something of human malice

there was something of human malice in the glare.

Then the dreams changed and it was Then the dreams changed and it was he himse. Who was a prisoner in the dungeon, and sometimes the rats ran over him to find out if he were still living, and he would shake them off with shrieks and curses, and after a time they would come softly back, and he knew that at last they would come for good, and at that thought his soul grew sick within him. sick within him.

in which he lived.

affable fashion and talked of whatever subject nappened to be to the fore at that moment.

There were customers in the outer "I'm by no means well, Jim," replied and sold and selection of the outer of the cutter of the cutter

There were customers in the outer saloon and in the inner sanctum, and Mr. Kilner's man being away from the establishment, its proprietor had to attend to everybody himself.

He was in and out of the two places constantly until closing time, and was rever still until the last customer had gone. But when he finally closed the manufacture of the decoration of the heart, it is that gave me a deal of trouble some years ago."

"That's bad," said Mr. Hennessy. "Ye might see a doctor this morning, sir."

gone. But when he finally closed the doors and secured the bolt and keys which held them Mr. Kilner felt that at last the dreaded moment had come wherein he must face the lonely night and the companionship of his own thoughts.

He approximately bessed himself for the doors and secured the bolt and keys which is a doctor this morning, sir." It's probably what I shall do. Jim. a little later on," replied Mr. Kilner. Things like them must not be trified with. I know. I'm afraid, Jim. that this air of Dublin doesn't suit me—I've with a little later on," replied Mr. Kilner is all the later on, and Mr. Hennessy. "Ye wight see a doctor this morning, sir." It's probably what I shall do. Jim. a little later on," replied Mr. Kilner eventually like them must not be trified with. I know. I'm afraid, Jim. that this air of Dublin doesn't suit me—I've with a little later on," replied Mr. Kilner eventually like them must not be trified with. I know. I'm afraid, Jim. that this air of Dublin doesn't suit me—I've with a little later on," replied Mr. Kilner.

Mr. Hennessy replied that different climates suited different constitutions, and that he himself considered Dublin the healthiest place in the world. "Ah! you're a Publin man, Jim," sighed Mr. Kilner, "It makes all the difference. One's native air is always good for one-I'm a Midlander myself and I always did feel that the air of the midlands is the most sal-what do they call it-salubrious, I think it is, in the whole world. There's a systemes the whole world. There's a sweetnes. and softness about that air, Jim, that

Continuation of This Story Will Be Found In Tomorrow's Issue of The Times.

WILL CREATE NEW CARDINAL IN U. S.

Archbishops Ireland and Quigley the army and navy officers present wore their full dress summer uniforms Are Considered Likeliest Candidates.

ROME, Sept. 11.-The Vatican has uthorized the statement that the "reent death of two cardinals, leaving cent death of two cardinals, leaving Washington from a visit to Mr. and eight vacancies in the sacred college, Mrs. George Marshall Allen on a combined with the Pope's known Amcruise on the St. Lawrence on their erican sympathies, renders it likely that nother American cardinal will be cre-ated at the fall consistory to be held primarily for the purpose of conferring red hats on the Austrian and Spanish cardinals created last November." Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul, and Archbishop Quigley, of Chicago, are considered the likeliest candidates.

Vanderbilt's Grandson Weds New York Girl

GARRISON, N. Y., Sept. 11 .- A spe dal train brought many New Yorkers of social prominence to Garrison today or the wedding of Miss Alleen Osborn and Vanderbilt Webb, which took place at Forest Farm, the country place of the bride's parents near here. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Church Osborn and a grand-

Pears Preserved by Martha Washington Exhibited Here



one of the most valuable relics in the country," declared Judge Bundy yes-terday. "Imagine having in our possession, in these modern days, a sample of the cookery of Martha Washington hearly 152 years old! Every precaution should be taken to safeguard the relic. and I for one am strongly in favor of having the pears taken over by some patriotic organization or cared for by

ORIGINAL JAR OF PEARS NOW OWNED BY J.W. MOSSBURG OF THIS CITY

he Government.' Mr. Messburg recognizes the propriety of having the fruit in possession of some patriotic organization, but at the same time felt that it was not an impropriety for him to retain possession of them as long as he allowed the public to view it freely.

Mossburg's Position.

"You can readily appreciate my position in this matter," he said yesterday." by the executors of the estate to Charles Sensencsy, of Washington, and their value seems to have been forgetten.

Mr. Mossburg considers the pears almost invaluable, and says he has refused an offer of \$500 for them, and several offers of less amounts. The pears are perfectly solid, and so carefully were they preserved that even those touching the sides of the jar do not appear to have been at all flattened. The pears are, so far as I know, the only surviving examples of the cookery day and attempted to use her recipe for of Mrs. Washington. For that reason preserving pears, she would get in I am not over willing for them to leave trouble with the pure food experts," my possession. Of course, if some responsible public organization would take them over, and guarantee that they

am entitled to keep them."

A letter has been received from the regents of Mt. Vernon, asking that they be allowed to investigate the authenticity of the history of the pears. Mr. Mossburg answered the letter, stating that he was exerting every effort to procure all documents necessary to establish beyond a real-like was exerting that he was exerting every effort to procure all documents necessary to establish beyond a real-like was exerting the state of the like was exerting every effort to procure all documents necessary to establish beyond the state of the like was exerting the like was exerting every effort to procure all documents necessary to establish the state of the like was exerting the like was exerting every exercise the like was exerting every to establish the like was exerting every the like was exerting every effort to procure all documents necessary to establish the like was exerting every exercise the exercise the like was exerting every effort to procure all documents necessary to establish the like was exerting every effort to procure all documents necessary to establish the like was exerting every effort to procure all documents necessary to establish the like was exerting every effort to procure all documents necessary to establish the like was exerting every effort to procure all documents necessary to establish the like was exerting every effort to procure all documents necessary to establish the like was exerting every effort to procure all documents necessary to establish the like was exerting every effort to establish the like was exerting every effort to establish the like was exerting every effort to establish the like was every exercised to establish the like was every every exercised to establish the like was every e meeting of that organization, requesting that it take some action toward securing the jar of pears. Judge Bundy believes that such a valuable relic should not be owned privately, but should either be brought back to Mt. Vernon or put into the hands of some

patriotic organization. While the recipe used by Mrs. Wash-them ever "These pears, preserved by Martha irgton for preserving this particular jar poisoned."

Secretary Nagel Acts for the President

seems to be no reason for supposing it was not the same as that now in the possession of Mrs. Arvilla McDonough. of 1401 Massachusetts avenue. recipe, in the language in which it wa riginally written, is as follows;

"Ye pears shoulde be very freshe Washe and put yhem into boling lye for an minute. Remove and put yhem into cold water. Nexte put ye fruit into a prepared sirupe of sugar and water. Use an half pound of sugar for everie pound of ye fruit; water to dissolve. Now cook for an quarter of an hour. kemove and put on plates to cool. Boyle sirupe down to one-half its original quantitie. Put sirupe and pears into ars and add brandy. Seal while

said Dr. Harvey W. Wiley when dis-cussing the recipe supposed to have be-longed to Mrs. Washington, now in the take them over, and guarantee that they would not get into private ownership again, it is possible that I would part with them. If they are to remain in private ownership, I, above all people am entitled to keep them."

A letter has been received from the them the continued the capert, "It would have been excellent, if she had left out the part about boiling them in lye. the skins were not promptly removed

"The pears now in the possession of tablish beyond a shadow of a doubt the verity of his relic.

The pears are of the Bartiett variety, and were grown, it is believed, in the orchards of Mt. Vernon.

While the recipe used by Mrs. Wash. Which I will be with the meyen if they did originally become

At Garden Party Given at White House Dr. F. B. Loring Returns

Affair Given in Honor of Distinguished Visitors and Mrs. Romeyn have taken an apartment in the Dupont for the winter.

Mrs. Romeyn spent part of the summer visiting in the North. Mr. and Mrs. John T. Granger are expected to return to their apartment in Florence Court today from Maine, where they have been since early in

Personal Mention

the garden party given at the White House in honor of the delegates to the The marriage of Miss Anita A. Newman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James E. Newman, to Frank C. Burns took place last evening at 7 o'clock in the guished guests to the host, who stood rectory of St. Mark's Episcopal Church, beneath a clump of trees on the lawn the Rev. K. M. Block officiating.

Only a small family party and a few intimate friends were present at the ceremony, which was followed by a reception at the home of the bride's par-

Miss Ruth L. Newman attended her sister as maid of honor, and Frank Blankendecker acted as best man for Mr. Burns.
The bride wore a white crepe meteor gown with an algrette in her hair and carried a bouquet of Bride roses. The maid of honor wore cream net

rimmed with pink and carried pink After a bridal trip to Florida, New York, and Atlantic City, Mr. and Mrs. Burns will be at home to their friends at the Wilton, 1931 Seventeenth street, after October 1.

Col. and Mrs. George A. Armes have returned to the city from a fortnight's trip on the Canadian lakes and to Niag-ara Falls. The marriage of Miss Abbie Ingalis
Barnard, granddaughter of Mr. and
Mrs. Melville E. Ingalis, to Russell E.
Sard, of Albany, N. Y., will take place
September 23, in St. Luke's Church.
Virginia Hot Springs.
Miss Gladys Ingalis will attend her
niece as maid of honor and Frederick

Miss Katherine Edmond, who spent the last few weeks in New York, has returned to Washington.

Miss Clara Crouch, of Weston, W. Va., who spent the last few days in Washington, left this afternoon for Martinsburg, W. Va., where she will spend some time with relatives.

Mrs. Henry R. Lemly, wife of Captain Lemly, U. S. A., who spent the summer in the Catskills, has returned to Washington.

After Month's Absence.

Dr. F. B. Loring has returned to his residence at 1420 K street, after a month's sojourn on the North Shore. Mrs. Loring and Miss Lydia Loring. who are now at Nantucket, will go to Oyster Bay, L. I., for a visit to Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt before joining Dr. Loring.

Mrs. Samuel Todd Davis has returned to Washington and has opened her apartment in the Highlands after an absence of seven months. Mrs. Davis spent most of last winter in the South, going to Bridgeport, Conn., in July. Within a couple of days Mrs. Davis Within a couple of days Mrs. Davis will have as her guest her daughter, Mrs. Richard C. Moore, wife of Lieutenant Moore, U. S. A., who has been in Chattanooga, Tenn., for some time. Mrs. Moore will be in Washington for several weeks before going to Connecticut to visit relatives for a short time.

- Pear Admiral Thomas H. Stevens U.

Rear Admiral Thomas H. Stevens, U N., and Mrs. Stevens have returned o Washington from a tour of the Na-ional Yellowstone Park. Early in the summer Admiral and Mrs. Stevens vis-ited the various North Shore resorts. They have opened their apartment in Stoneleigh Court for the winter.

Col. Thomas L. Casey, U. S. A., and Mrs. Casey, who have spent the sum-mer at their place in New York State, have returned to Washington.

returned to Washington.

Miss Florence Falmer, of Capitol Hill, has returned to Washington from New Hampshire, where she spent the last several weeks visiting relatives.

Dr. Ritter, the Swiss minister, will sail from New York shortly to join Mme. Ritter and their family in Switzerland for a few weeks. They will accompany him on his return to spend the winter in Washington.

Mrs. H. G. Cole, wife of Major Cole, U. S. A., and their son, Loren Fletcher Cole, who spent the greater part of the summer in Minnesota, have returned to Washington and joined Major Cole.

summer in Massachusetts, has returned to her apartment in Stoneleigh Court.

Major Henry Romeyn, U. S. A., and Mrs. Romeyn are spending some time in Clifton Springs, N. Y.

Massachusetts, has returned to her Admiral figure T. B. Harris, the summer touring in Europe, have returned to Washington, and opened their Rhode Island avenue residence for the winter.

FOR LITTLE FOLK JUST BEFORE BEDTIME

The Sandman's Stories

HOW BILLY PIG WORKED.

one morning. If you will not go to school and study, you be looked in all directions, but no one out in the orchard and gather the apples under the trees; put them in a pile. Then you are to weed the garden at the end of the orchard."

"That is an awful lot of work to ask fellow to do," said Billy Pig, beginning to cry. "I don't want to do it Billy Goat does not have to work. He can run about all day. Why can't 17" "I do not care if Billy Goat is a lazy fellow," answered his mother, "you are going to work if I can make you. Now, run along quick before I cut a switch from the bush by the door and tingle your legs.'

Billy Pig did not reply to this. He ran, but he grumbled all the way, and when he reached the orchard he looked about at all the apples. "What a lot

when he reached the orchard he looked about at all the apples. "What a lot of work to ask a little fellow like me to do," he said, then he looked through a hole in the stone wall.

There was Ellly Gost grazing out in the middle of the next lot and not doing a stroke of work. Billy Pig stole softly back to the tree and began to work. He had thought of something that made him laugh as he worked.

He plied the good anples under the



tree and all the bad ones he carried over by the stone wall. There were a great many of them, and the more he ound of the bad ones, the more Billy Pig laughed. Once he lay down on the ground and rolled over he was so pleased at something he was thinking

"That Billy Goat will get paid back now," he said. "I'll teach him that he can't butt me over a stone wall without getting paid back," and then Billy Pig

getting paid back," and then Billy Pig laughed again.

He ran to the garden at the end of the orchard and looked at the weeds. "Uh!" he grunted, "it will take a long time to get them all out, and Billy Goat might be so far away from the wall that I could not reach him. I will pay him back first and then I will weed this garden." this garden. this garden."

He ran back to the wall where the thad apples were and he could see Billy Goat resting not far away. Billy Pig took as many of the bad apples as he could hold and stood on the toes; then he aimed an apple at Billy Gost and before Billy Goat could get upon his feet splash went another and another, strik-ing him right on the head. The juice of

must work. I want you to the deep the orchard and gather the ider the trees; put them in a manyou are to weed the garden id of the orchard."

He looked in all directions, but no one was in sight.

Billy Goat did not think of Billy Pig.

He thought of some bad boy that he knew and turned first one way and then another as fast as he could, hop-ling to catch them looking over the wall.

wall.

Billy Pig was watching him through the wall and laughing so hard that he had to fill is mouth with grass so billy Goat could not hear him.

After a while Billy Goat walked to another part of the lot and stretched out on the grass, but no sooner had he done so than splash! splash! splash! came more bad apples, this time right on his back.

"Ah, ah!" said Billy Goat, "they are on the other side of that fence. I'll

on his back.

"Ah, ah" said Billy Goat, "they are on the other side of that fence. I'll scare them," and he held his head low and ran toward the wall where Billy Pig was hiding. Billy Pig was laughing, for Billy Goat looked very funny covered with the juice of the apples, and his white coat looked mussy and stained. But Billy Pig stopped laughing and ran when he saw Billy Goat coming toward him, and he did not stop until he reached the garden at the end of the orchard, where he hid under the weeds. Billy Goat listened when he reached the stone wall, but he did not hear a sound, so he stood on his hind legs and looked over.

He did not see the boys, as he had expected, but he did see the bad apples, for Billy Pig had not had time to use all of them.

"That is funny," said Billy Goat. "this is Billy Pig's orchard, and I wonder who put all those apples there." Then he saw something that made him jump over the wall. He had seen footprints in the soft ground and he looked very close. "Oh! Oh!" he said following the prints until he

and he looked very close. "Oh! Oh!" he said, following the prints until he came to the garden then he stood still and sniffed.

still and sniffed.

Billy Pig was trembling so that the weeds moved, and with one bound Billy Goat was upon him. He butted poor Billy Pig from under the weeds and then out into the orchard and rolled him over and over in the wet earth until he looked like a black pig instead of a white one. instead of a white one.

Billy Pig escaped at last and he ran for home squealing all the way. His mother heard him and came to the door.

"What in the world is the matter and where have you been? You look like a tramp pig," she said. "That bad Billy Goat butted me into "That bad Billy Goat butted me into the mud." said Billy Pig.
"What made you go over in his lot?" asked his mother.
"I didn't." replied Billy Pig. "He came over in my orchard."
After much questioning, his mother got the whole story.
"You bad fellow," she said, taking Billy Pig by the ear. "you thought it

Billy Pig by the ear, "you thought it was too much work for you to pick up apples and weed the garden, but you worked very hard to make two piles of apples and carried some of them quite a distance to do something you should not do. If you would work as hard try-ing to do right as you do trying to do wrong, you would be a smart fellow, instead of a lazy, troublesome Billy

Pig."

Then she gave him a good scrubbing and sent him to bed, and the next day he had to work all day in the garden to

FOR TIMES WOMEN WHO WANT TO KNOW

What Is Seen in The Shops

Although the calendar is gradually 1 but while it holds a firm footbold, the That is plainly in violation of the pure slipping around to winter, and fall is food laws and there was a possibility close upon us. Washington will not for of the polson getting into the pears if some time cast aside the habiliments some time cast aside the habiliments of summer, for the dog days are still with us, and Indian summer is yet to Mr. Mossburg are, I should say, not pass away. Heavy dogskin gloves are dangerous, even if Mr. Mossburg cared seen in all of the shop windows, but nobody wears them yet. The short slik gloves, comfortably long at the wrist, which appear in the showcase windows of the woman's furnishing store at Thirteenth and F streets, and which are marked at 35 cents a pair, are decidedly more saleable. All finger tips, and the thumb, are double, and the clasps are firmly attached, in fact, they are the regular 50-cent glove. The colors seen regular 50-cent glove. The color are white, gray, tan, and brown.

> Even the separate winter or fall dress skirts are of suprisingly lightweight material, fine French serge, being a universal favorite. One of the skirts which is on display at the F street woman's store, not far from the corner of Thirteenth street, is made of the material mentioned, in black and green. The entire length is finely pleated, and the flounce width border of green weave at the bottom of the skirt is very smart. On account of the quality of this material the cost of the garment is \$12.50, but some of the other separate skirts are as low in price as \$3.50. Owing to the three-quarters' length coals ing to the three-quarters' length coats or reefers which are to be worn widely this coming winter, many of these sep-arate skirts will be on sale in the shops.

Specialists say that the popularity of Irish lace will never entirely die out, tractively and tastefully trimmed,

new laces continue to cater to fickle most favored of styles. Bohemian lace is the coming craze. Made of intricate and often heavy floral patterns, heid together by fine threads of lace, the Bo-hemian pieces are made like a cob-web, and show the effect of the return web, and show the effect of the return to tapestry styles by their designs. The clerk in charge of the laces at the department store at Eleventh and F streets showed me some lovely Bohemian laces today, along with some new styles of chiffon cloth, with borders of velvet in conventional designs. This latter material is exquisite, the top tone of the black velvet matching perfectly, the color of the cloth. As in the lace designs, there are scallops and very deep points, the designs being quite heavy. This material is called chiffon skirting, with velvet applique and is \$7.50 the yard.

All of the fall hats are so exorbitant in price that one is tempted to brave the edict which demands that summer hats shall go, and wear the favorite chip straw or Panama far into the winter, despite chilly blasts. Some of the stores have seen the advisability of balting the timid purchaser with reasonable prices. even if it is at a loss, and the sight of a whole tableful of attractive fiats for \$10 each, large small, and medium, trim-med in roses, aigret fancies, plumes, med in roses, aigret fancies, plumes, etc., and covered with velvet, plush, moire, and all the popular materials, was a welcome shock to my eyes. The aforesaid table is in the millinery department of the woman's furnishing store on Eleventh, between F and G streets. Many of the hats are very large and flat and all of them are attractively and tastefully trimmed.

CALLS AMERICAN WOMEN TOO THIN

Russian Princess Declares District Girls Have Pretty

Probably the sweetest music yet poured into the car of local femininity by a titled critic has come from the lips of Princess Gagarine, head of one of the principal houses of Russia, who is paying Washington a visit. Just what milady longs to have said of her figure has been said by the princess. That is that women and girls hereabout are slender. Imagine how thoroughly the Russian noblewoman has ingratiated herself into the local hearts of her sex. Princess Gagarine in an interview at the White House garden party, which she attended with her husband, who is traveling through America on the trip of the International Association for Mr. and Mrs. J. Upshur Morehead, who are now in Atlantic City, will occupy the apartment in the Grafton which they have recently taken upon their return to Washington.

of the International Association for Testing Materials, criticised the fairer sex of Washington and the entire country in a rather constructive manner. She would construct American womanhood of larger proportions. She would

have them more plump.
"American women of good breeding are so remarkably slender," said the princess, and her contentions were sus-tained by her beautiful daughter, the

LOCAL MENTION.

"The Heroine from Derna," great 2-reel

Princess Sophia, who nodded approvingly at her mother's remark.

"They hurry too much. That is the reason. Every place you see the American woman, whether she is going shopping, visiting, or elsewhere, she is going fast and travels as if she did not have a second to lose. As for the men they walk twice as fast as the men in

Princess Gagarine says that American women dress like the women in other parts of the world, because they fol-low Parisian styles. She says that she marvels at the number of pretty faces she sees in Washington.

Affinity" Earle's Wife Returns to Her Husband

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., Sept. 11 .-Alighting from an Erie train at Monroe, Mrs. Dora Steward Earle jumped into the arms of her artist husband. Ferdinand Pinney Earle, and set at rest all recent rumors of disagreement The meeting between husband and wife was most affectionate. Mrs Earle's first question was: "How is Yvonne?"

five-months-old daughter.

Earle assisted his wife into the run-about, and the pair smilingly drove through the crowd which had assem-

